



THE FLINTSTONES

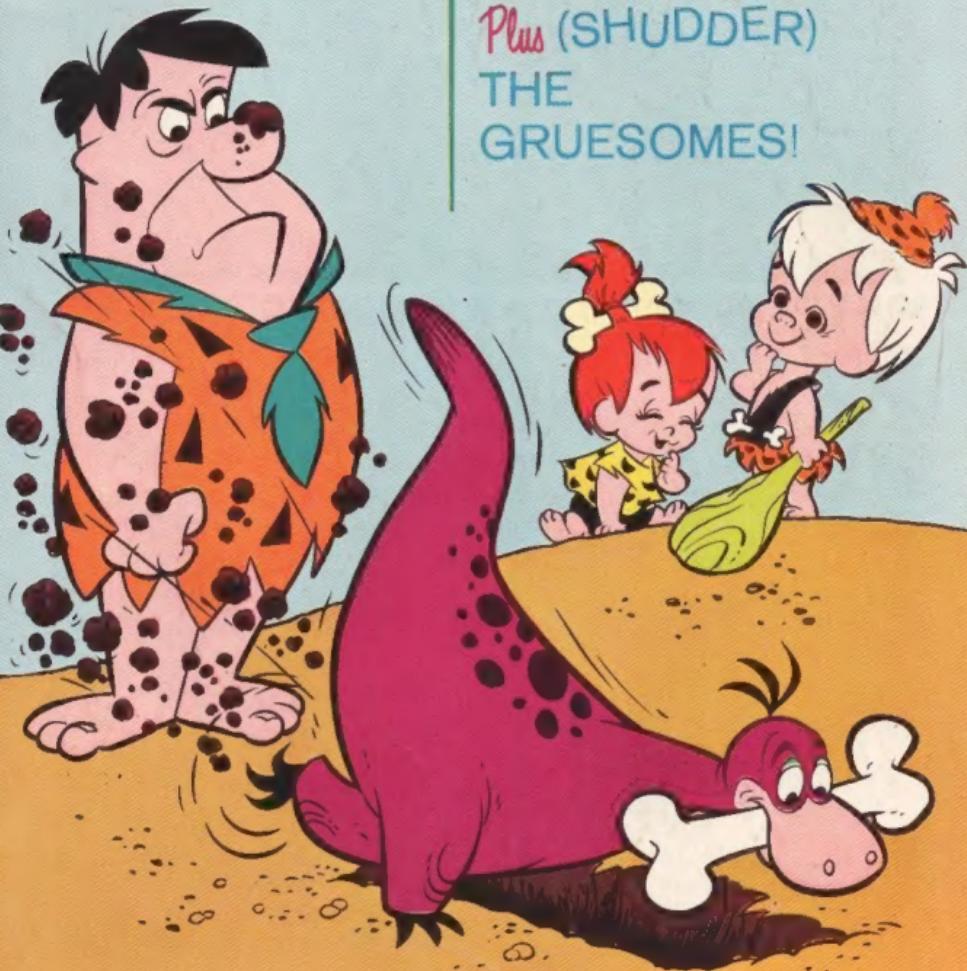
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12c

HANNA-BARBERA

THE FLINTSTONES

with PEBBLES and BAMM-BAMM



Plus (SHUDDER)
THE
GRUESOMES!

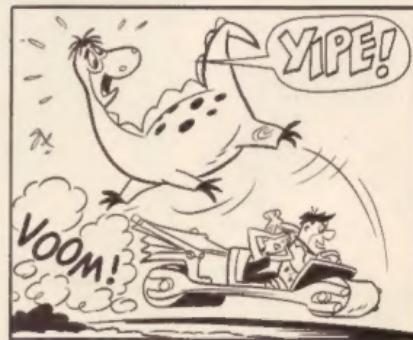
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MAY

Hanna-Barbera

THE FLINTSTONES

PIFFLE! I NEVER
WAS ONE TO BELIEVE
IN SIGNS!

SLOW!
CURVE AHEAD



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U
N
K
Y



Hanna-Barbera

THE FLINTSTONES

IN QUEST OF A QUARRY

TCH, TCH... IT'S WORSE
EVERY DAY, BARNEY!

YEAH! THE QUARRY IS
RUNNIN' OUT OF ROCK!

QUARRY
QUAINT
QUARRY

BEDROCK
QUARRY

OFFICE

AND THE BOSS WILL RUN
OUT OF HAIR IF HE KEEPS
PULLING IT!

OFFICE

POOR GUY... TOO BAD THE
WAY HE LETS MONEY
BOther HIM!

YEAH!

FWEEP!

LUNCH
TIME!

BUT, MR.
SLATER...
IT'S ONLY
ELEVEN
O'CLOCK!

RIGHT! THUS
BEGINS A NEW
DEAL... THE
LONG-LONG-
LUNCH TIME!

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COME BACK IN
THREE HOURS...
AT TWO O'CLOCK!

B-BUT THAT CUTS
A BIG HUNK OUT OF
OUR PAY!

PAY,
POOR
PAY!

SORRY... BUT I CAN'T
AFFORD FULL-TIME
WORKERS NOW THAT
THE ROCK IS
RUNNING OUT!

WAH-H! BOO-HOO!
YAH-H! HOOTIE!

TCH-TCH! TOO BAD THE WAY THEY
LET MONEY BOTHER THEM!

OFFICE

AND SO... THE LONG-LONG- LUNCH TIME...

BOY, I CAN'T AFFORD
TO EAT FOR THREE
WHOLE HOURS!

A QUARRY DIGGER'S
LOT IS NO BED OF
MARBLE!

BRICK-BURGERS ?

OOK!
GOOK!

OH, TO BE AS
CAREFREE AS
ONE OF THOSE
ROCK-WRENS!

SAY... THEY'RE
FLYING AWAY
FROM THE LAND...
YET THEY'RE
BIRDS WHO ONLY
REST ON ROCKY
PLACES!

BEDROCK
QUARRY

HOOP!

MOOP!

DOOP!

BUT THERE'S NOTHING
OUT YONDER... SO FAR
AS ANYBODY KNOWS!

YET, ROCK-WRENS AREN'T DUMB BUNNIES, BARNEY... THERE MUST BE LAND OUT BEYOND YONDER!

A NEW UNDISCOVERED ROCKY PARADISE FOR QUARRY DIGGERS!

LET'S TELL MR. SLATER!



AND SO, THE LONG-LONG-LUNCH TIME ENDS ON A HAPPY-HAPPY NOTE...

OH, GAY-DAY! I'LL EQUIP YOU TWO WITH A SHIP AND SEND YOU TO CLAIM ALL THE FAR-FLUNG QUARRY SITES IN MY NAME!

YEAH! WE'LL BECOME FAMOUS AND HAVE STEADY JOBS EVER AFTER!



AND THE NEXT MORN...

STONE VOYAGE, MEN!

BYE-BYE, BOSS!

THIS IS MORE THRILLING THAN COLORED TV IN EVERY ROOM!



JUST ONE THING DAMPENS MY SPIRIT...

ME, TOO! OUR WIVES DIDN'T EVEN COME DOWN TO WAVE GOOD-BY!

WHY SHOULD WE WAVE GOOD-BY WHEN WE'RE GOING ALONG?

WILMA! BETTY!



WE'RE GOING TO BE
BACK-DECK
DRIVERS!

WE KNOW YOU... YOU'D SAIL
RIGHT OFF THE EDGE OF THE
WORLD WITHOUT US TELLING
YOU WHICH WAY TO TURN!

YOU DON'T HAVE
ANY FAITH IN US!



...AND WE LOVE IT!

SO OFF THEY SAIL, INTO THE UNKNOWN
REACHES OF CHOPPY BLUE ...



BUT
ON THE
SECOND
DAY AT
SEA ...

WHAT A STORM! FRED
IS MOPPING THE DECK
WITH HIMSELF!

SAY... WHERE IS BARNEY?!!



IT WON'T BE DIFFICULT TO
BE SWEEPED OVERBOARD!

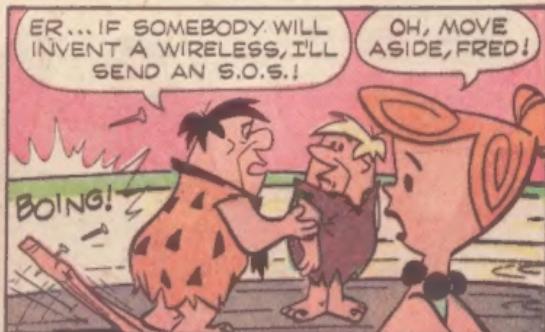
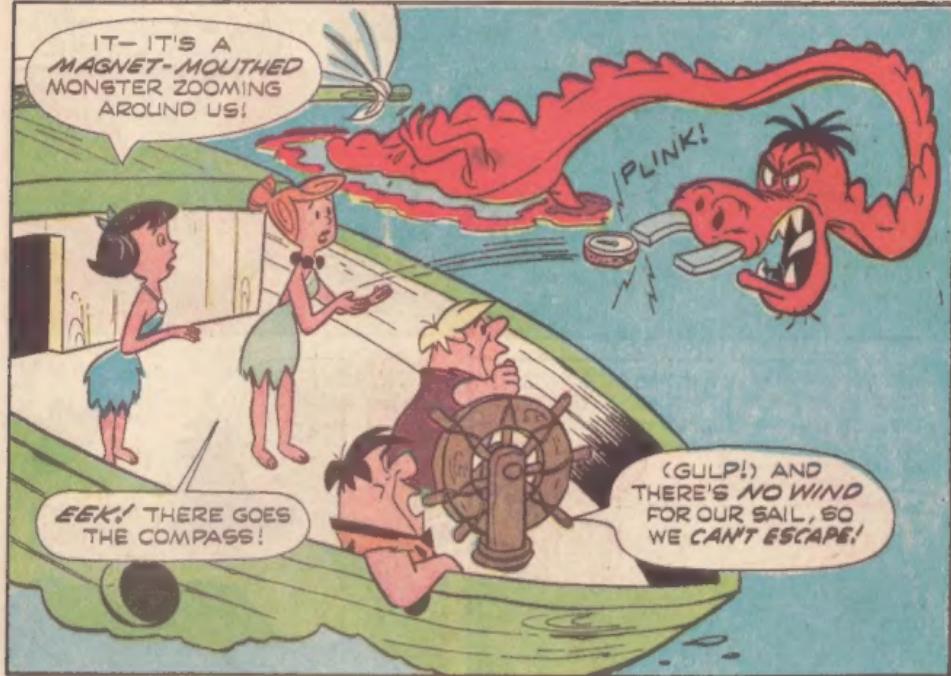
EEK! THAT'S WHAT
HAPPENED TO HIM!
YOU GOIN' TO LOOK
FOR HIM OVER HERE,
FRED!

YOU'RE PRETTY
BRAVE WITH
MY BODY!

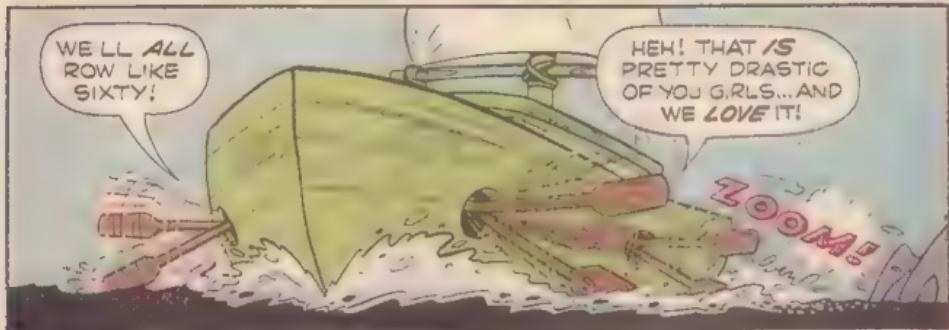






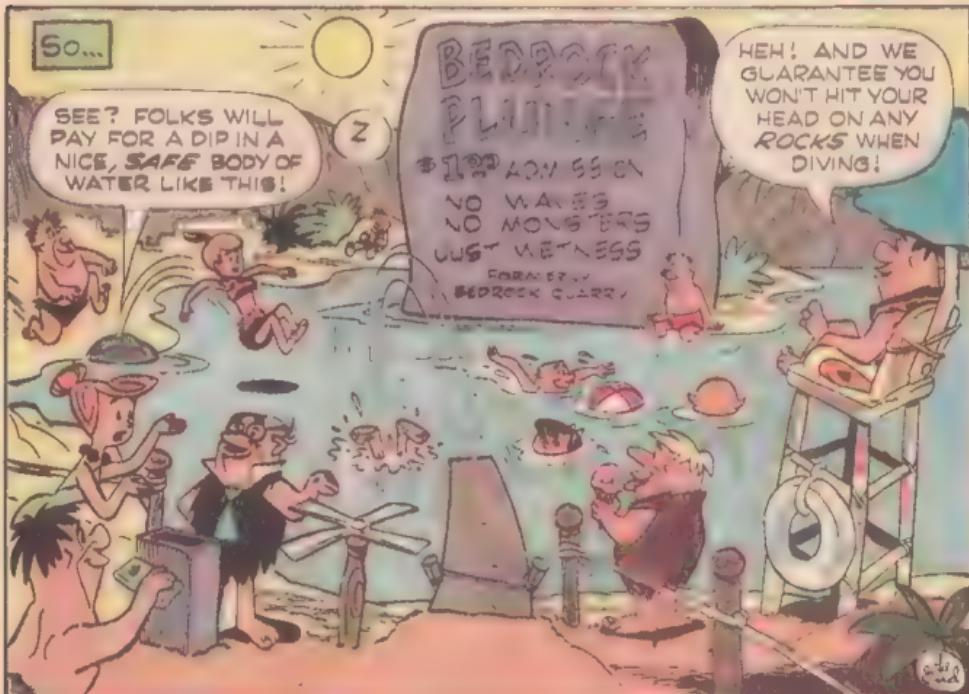






BUT BACK AT BEDROCK QUARRY,
MR. SLATER FLIPS HIS LIP...





Hanna-Barbera

CAVE KIDS

THE RARE REWARD









TOO-GOOD DETECTIVE



Perry Gunnite was cooking some chili and beans in the back of his office, which was also serving as his home. Suddenly he heard the front door creak open.

"Anybody here?" a voice shouted. "I need help desperately!"

"Shucks," muttered Perry, "why do people always need help during my lunch hour?"

An elderly man was in the office. Perry recognized him as Professor Superthink, an inventor who lived nearby.

"Good day, sir!" said Perry. "I take it you require the services of a private investigator!"

"Well, I didn't come here to pick up my laundry!" the man snapped.

"Oh, that will be done this afternoon!" said Perry. You see, he took in laundry to supplement his income when business was slow—which was most of the time.

Suddenly the inventor sniffed the air.

"What is that delicious, drooly aroma?" he asked.

"Just some chili and beans I'm cooking!" replied Perry. "Would you like some?"

"WOULD IT?" cried Professor Superthink. "That's my favorite food!"

Perry gave him a plateful, and between gulps the inventor explained his problem. Someone had just stolen a set of plans for his latest super-secret invention!

"Where were the plans?" asked Perry.

"In my safe!"

"Aha!" said Perry. "It looks like an inside job! Someone knew the combination!"

"No, no!" said the inventor, impatiently. "They stole the safe, too!"

"Hmmm!" mused Perry. "Was there anything else stolen?"

"Only a box of candy!"

Perry pondered a moment. "It sounds like Sweet-Tooth Seymour's M.O.!"

"What does M.O. mean?" the professor asked, gulping down more chili and beans.

"I dunno!" shrugged Perry. "Detectives always say it! Who am I to be different?"

(For Perry's information, M.O. means *Modus Operandi*—*Method of Operation*.)

Perry lost no time in picking up the culprit's trail, following a litter of candy wrappers from the laboratory to a dingy shack next door to a candy factory.

Bursting in through the door, he caught Sweet-Tooth Seymour in the act of removing the precious plans from the safe which he had just blown open.

"Caught in the act!" cried Perry triumphantly. "Unhand those plans!"

"Look, buddy," whined Seymour, "in case you don't know it, I did you a favor by stealing these plans!"

"What do you mean?" demanded Perry.

Seymour handed over the plans. "I mean this," he growled, "these are plans for an automatic detective!"

"An automatic detective?"

"Yes!" put in Professor Superthink. "It's a machine that you feed clues into, and it automatically comes up with the solution to a crime!"

"Oh, no!" Perry groaned. "What have I done? I've put myself out of business!"

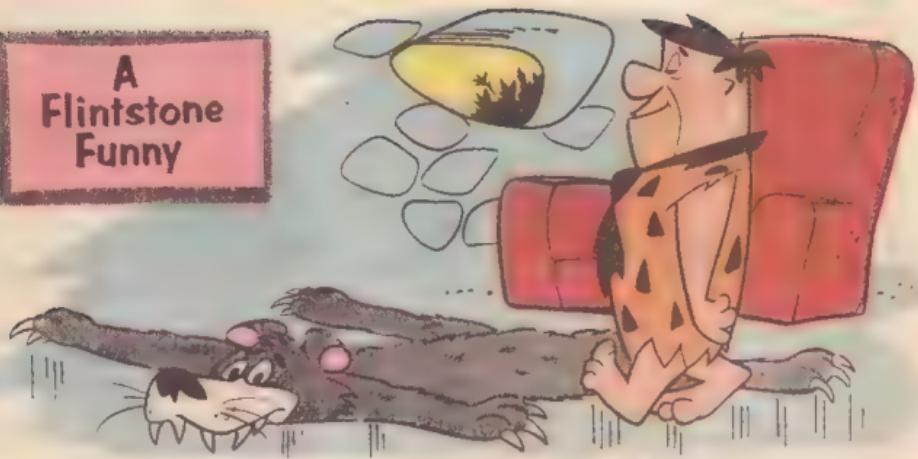
"Not exactly!" said the professor as he tore up the plans. "I'm giving up the idea of building an automatic detective!"

Perry brightened. "You mean I'm better than a machine?"

"Not necessarily," replied the inventor. "But I'm sure that no machine could cook chili and beans the way you do! Let's go back to your office for some more!"



A
Flintstone
Funny



Hanna-Barbera

THE
FLINTSTONES



Hanna-Barbera

THE FLINTSTONES

Beef Stew, I Love You

HEY, I MUST HAVE PEBBLES' PLATE!
WHY, THERE'S NOT ENOUGH FOOD ON HERE
TO FEED A BIRD!

THAT'S YOUR PLATE, DEAR... I'M
JUST CUTTING DOWN ON YOUR
MEALS FOR YOUR OWN GOOD.



UNTIL YOU LOSE
SOME WEIGHT,
YOU'RE ON
A DIET!

ULP!

LATER...

WELL, SHE CAN
CUT DOWN ON
MY MEALS, BUT
MY MIGHTY
SNACKS ARE
UP TO ME!

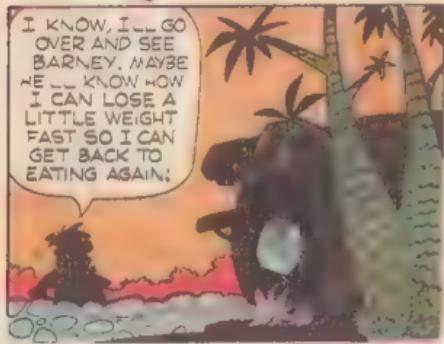


WILMA!
WHAT
ON
EARTH?



MAKE DINO LET ME
INTO THE ICEBOX!

NO, DEAR.
REMEMBER, YOU'RE
ON A DIET!







GOLLY, WEIRDLY, AREN'T
YOU AFRAID YOU'LL PUT
ON WEIGHT EATING
SNACKS LIKE THAT?

NOPE!

SLURP!
CHOMP!
CHEW!

I CAN AFFORD TO EAT SNACKS
BECAUSE OUR REGULAR MEALS
ARE NON-FATTENING!

THEY
ARE?

WHY, YES! SAY, MR. FLINTSTONE,
WHY DON'T YOU JOIN US FOR
LUNCH? WE HAVE PLENTY!

YEAH,
WHY NOT,
FRED?

SOUNDS
GREAT! I
GO TELL
W.M.A!
SINCE IT'S
NON-FATTENING,
SHE'LL
LET ME.

WELL, SINCE THAT'S
THE CASE, I GUESS T
WON'T HURT ANYTHING,
FRED. BUT DON'T
MAKE A PIG OF
YOURSELF.

OH, I WON'T. I
WON'T. YIPPEE!

IN GONNA
EAT! Y
ABBA
DABBA
DOO!
DOO!

AND...

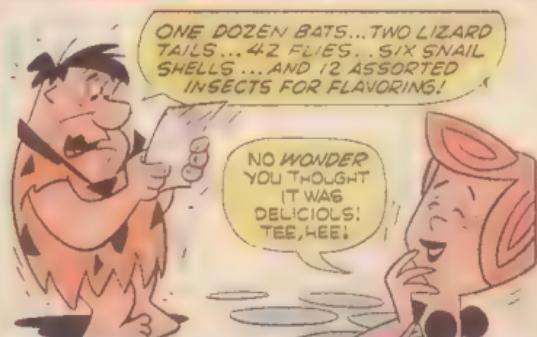
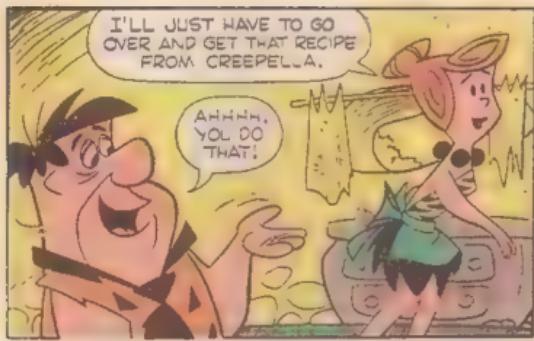
MM-YUMMY!

CHOMP!
CHEW!

HAVE SOME
MORE STEW,
FRED.

OH, IT MAKES ME
FEEL GOOD TO SEE
SOMEONE ENJOY
MY FOOD.





ROCK-A-BYE BEDLAM









I DON T CARE
WHAT YOUR EXCUSE
IS... THIS IS ONLY A
25 MPH. ZONE!

I HOPE YOU CAN AFFORD
A SPEEDING FINE, SIR.

OOH! IT'S GOING TO
BE AN EXPENSIVE
EVENING OUT!

HEY: THAT'S
ILLEGAL, TOO!

BAMM-BAMM!
CUT IT OUT!

I PLT - BACK, OFF CER!
OKAY?

A WORD TO THE WISE...
LET ME GET BANNED
OUT OF HIS SYSTEM!

YES,
SIR;

COME ON... OVER
THIS WAY TO SLAM
THINGS AROUND
BAMM-BAMM!

WELL, LET'S GO
AGAIN, FRED!

BAMM-
BAMM.

MELTON
STONE
PARK

KA-BAMM-
BAMM-
BAMM!

YEEK!
THAT'S WORSE
THAN A THUNDER-
STORM TEAMED UP
WITH A YOUNG
VOLCANO.







Hanna-Barbera

THE

FLINTSTONES

HERE COMES THE
BUS, BARNEY!

YEAH, AND IT
LOOKS LIKE
JUST TWO
SEATS LEFT!

I'LL FLIP YOU TO SEE WHO
GETS THE BEST SEAT!

RIGHT!

HEADS I WIN,
TAILS I LOSE!

BEDROCK
BUS CO.

AND
TAILS,
I
LOSE!

